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THE
MUSES DUTY
OR
A World's Thanksgiving
AND
A WISH;
A POEM

By HENRY JAMES TART, Esq.
BARRISTER.

" Stultitia est
Perituroe parcere chartae."

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A Woman's Thanksgiving

A POEM

BY HENRY W. LESTER, JR.

BOSTON

1880

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DEDICATION.

THIS Trifle the uncorrected effusion of an hour, I publish because no one has sent into the World, any thing of the kind before me: I dedicate it to those who wish well to their Country, and long life to our gracious Sovereign, and that comprehends not only the people of this Nation but the whole World.

I send it forth, praying the Critics to do as they please with it to pass it over as beneath the perusal of men of sense, or reading it to give their fiat, for immediate dispatch to Jack Ketch, the Fire, or the GARDEN. I am indifferent to their determination, and remain only of those to whom I dedicate this,

the Organ and the Servant,

H. J. TART.

Temple, June 15th. 1800.

DEDICATION

THIS is the untimely effort of an hour,
which became an earnest into the world,
of the kind that I dedicate it to those who
went to their country, and lay it in our
Sovereign, and that comprehend not only the people of
this Nation but the whole World.

I send it forth, praying the Congress to do as they
please with it to pass it over or to remain the property of
man of mass, or reading it to give them that the
mediate dispatch to Jack Ketch, the First, or the Congress
Dad. I am indifferent to their determination, and
remain only of those to whom I dedicate this.

the Congress and the Senate.

H. J. TART

Temple, June 1st. 1800.

THE
MUSES DUTY, &c.

A POEM.

SAY shall no British Muse (when nations rise,
Presenting grateful incense to the skies
For GEORGE's safety :) at a time like this!
Offer her pow'rs to celebrate their bliss,
Or songs of Joy and Pæan hymns prepare
To join the heartfelt thanks that rend the air,
When Epithalamiums grac'd his marriage bed,
Shall when his Life is sav'd, no verse be sped?
When Anthems hail'd his coronation day,
Does his blest Life preserv'd, deserve no lay?
Forbid it justice? mine though weak her pen,
And slighter still her knowledge and her ken;
Shall do her best to shield the British Muse,
From such disgrace and such deserv'd abuse,
Guardian Protectress of the British Isles,
Descend and grace my trifle with your smiles,

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Inform

Inform my ignorance my verse amend,
 PALLAS appear and with thy aid attend ;
 Come VENUS fair, thou queen of beauty here
 And BACCHUS with inspiring wine draw near ; 20
 All potent JOVE assist and fill my mind,
 Help where I'm weak, enlighten where I'm blind ;
 Come too PRINCESSES for when you draw near,
 Beauty and elegance at once appear ;
 Aid, aid my verse, sing best of Father's praise, 25
 And pray with me for his extended days !
 Come August CHARLOTTE for yourself have known,
 The glories of your partner on the Throne ;
 Say thou on whom an eminence hast been
 High o'er the world rever'd as GEORGE's Queen, 30
 Thou who hast been the sharer of his heart,
 Each secret merit and each worth impart,
 Declare his virtues and his goodness shew,
 Make me each worldly eminence to know ;
 Blest Queen attend ; if memory be frail, 35
 Aid it good Queen, and Oh, repeat the tale ?
 I ask thee not to tell each passing part,
 Thy Husband has above each other heart,
 Each single virtue, singly to portray ;
 Nor each superior excellence display ; 40
 These did you tell, our JOHNSON should be here,
 MILTON, and POPE, and SHAKESPEARE should appear,
 Conjoin'd

Conjoin'd with force to paint his happy reign,
 The work MACFARLANE once essay'd ; but vain
 Were one man's power's and one man's hand, 45
 (Deeds such as his, far greater pow'rs demand !)
 No, I would have you tell he was a friend,
 To all the wretched : willing would descend,
 From state imperial, to the wretch's tale,
 And succour those whom poverty assail : 50
 Tell us he was of husband's far the best,
 Gentlest of Kings, of Father's tenderest ;
 Far above other men godly and good,
 Walking on earth as tho' in heav'n he stood,
 The best of patterns to our wicked race 55
 Who from their minds the God of all deface !
 Assist me NATION PROUD for thou hast known
 A thousand blessings from thy GEORGE's throne,
 Each day brings some new honor to the land,
 And makes the prouder of thy King's command ; 60
 Thy name's by him respected through the world,
 And thyself honor'd where thy flags unfurl'd ;
 Beneath his rule see every nation pour,
 Into thy Ports her valuable store,
 While other realms the Tyrants chains provoke, 65
 And subject Nations groan beneath the yoke,
 Cursing the hour ill-fated nature hurl'd,
 Their infant state beneath another world.

Elest

Blest by his rule, the boon to men most dear ;
 Fair Freedom sheds her kindest influence here. 70
 Thou AFRIC come from out the torrid zone
 For e'en to thee, are GEORGE'S virtues known,
 Speak INDIAN speak, the kind protection giv'n
 To thee and thine beneath another heav'n ;
 So Monarch's well may learn from GEORGE'S sway, 75
 How King's should rule and subject world's obey,
 So wond'ring Monarch's can the lesson gain,
 How men should govern and how kings should reign ;
 May know the Prince not like SUWARROW'S king.
 Who loads with favors, then with deeper sting 80
 Wounds the brave man, whose only ill-success,
 Was fortune deigning not his plans to bless.
 Nor yet like Prussia's viewing sordid pelf,
 Blind to all objects but his narrow self,
 Nor other courts. When half mankind in rage, 85
 Destroy'd the forms which lasted many an age,
 And threaten'd ruin and destruction round
 Where'er its friends or partizans were found.
 Firmly our GEORGE stood forth in virtue's cause,
 Proclaim'd his enmity, then shew'd our Laws, 90
 Pattern to all, but rage was blind and dar'd
 To threaten us: at length the sword he bar'd,
 In honors cause to save the human kind,
 To help the weak and to conduct the blind!

Each

Each Briton flew his Monarch to defend, 95
 Each pledg'd his life, (as men do to their friend)
 And Europe views our little Isle withstand,
 The giant force of Gallia's frantic land,
 Views all our fleets their force combin'd deride,
 And sees her navy in our harbour's ride, 100
 Our valour's victim; marks upon the plain,
 When hosts were scouted British force remain;
 And foes admire e'en Gallic valor warm'd
 And call'd them brothers, griev'd that they were arm'd,
 'Gainst such a foe so val'rous and so bold, 105
 And like what Cressy prov'd their race of old,
 The sentiments now echo'd thro' their land
 And may its force a speedy peace command;
 May this our noble country deign to grant,
 Peace to mankind, and may she quickly plant 110
 The Olive thro' the World, 'tis only she,
 Who knows and estimates fair Liberty!
 May she forget the Gallic Nation's wrongs,
 Almost forget what to herself belongs,
 For injury sustain'd and nobly great, 115
 Conclude a peace with all their hodge-potch state;
 We stand too strong to fear Bellona's car,
 Nor can we tremble at repeated War;
 Gallia for fear will leave the world at ease,
 And we shall grant to Europe lasting peace. 120
 Then may our GEORGE when he has blest the land
 With peace and plenty, long with his command,
 Still

Still bless the Isle; Oh! Providence befriend
Our King, our Lord, and Oh, great God attend!

A NATION'S FERVENT PRAYER. 125

We bless thee God for all thy bounteous grace,
And kind protection to the Brunswick race,
Concede our King long life, and Oh! maintain,
Our love unalter'd thro' his lengthen'd reign;
And when it wills thee to thy throne to take, 130
Our gracious King, Oh! then in bounty make,
Our Prince in mind so like him, that he sway,
Subjects and People willing to obey;
Grant in thy bounty, **WHAT MY MIND BEFORE,**
LED BY THY POW'R PROCLAIM'D THOU
HAD'ST IN STORE. 135

Grant that our Prince the most illustrious prove,
And sway in glory and his People's love,
Grant him in health and wisdom to abide,
And in Thy will to age mature to glide,
Blest by thy choicest gifts and by Thy hand, 140
Strengthen'd with saving wisdom to command;
Grant these we pray, and as thy pow'r,
Shielded our Monarch in the dreadful hour!
When Treason dar'd to aim long time ago.
Both *Nicholson*, and *Hatfield's* vengeful blow! 145
So LORD defend him and still live to prove,
He lives with Thine, and with his Peoples love.

FINIS.

[Entered at Stationer's-Hall.]

G. FULLER, Printer, 110, Bishopsgate Without.

